

THE DEMOCRAT.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY

D. E. Van Valkenburgh.

Thursday, September 2, 1899.

ENLARGEMENT.

This number of THE DEMOCRAT completes the XIVth volume. Arrangements have been made for new type, fixtures, etc., and we have the pleasure of announcing that with our next issue THE DEMOCRAT will appear in a new dress and will be enlarged to thirty-two columns. Next week we shall have something to say in connection with this subject which will be of importance to us, if not to our subscribers.

THE ORGAN MAKES A DEFENSE.

The *Republican* of last week attempts a weakly defense of the miserable burlesque on the art of printing recently issued by that establishment and charged to the corporation. Our neighbor says "the job was good enough for the price paid for it; and a much better job than the *Democrat* did for the Hook and Ladder Company lately, according to contract."

If the job referred to "was good enough for the price," then printing must be growing cheap—it was worth less than nothing, and a printer would blush to acknowledge it as his work.

The job we did for the Hook and Ladder Company lately is not yet in type, but will be in a few days, when, possibly, the *Republican* will favor us with another criticism of its merits.

The ordinances we complain of, the *Republican* says, "are much the same that have been in vogue in Plymouth and other towns, time out of mind," although, it also says, they were "drafted by a gentleman at whose feet all the editors (we suppose this means all the editors) of the *Democrat* sat and learned their (his) democracy. It is not much of a compliment to the drafting powers of the gentleman referred to, to say the ordinances are the same old laws; and for the life of us we cannot see what bearing our having learned our democracy from the said gentleman can have on their fitness for the government of our town.

It is unkind in the *Republican* to excite our apprehension that sooner or later we are liable to be "turned out" and so "utterly annihilated that there will not be enough of us left to smell bad." What a horrible fate! especially for such an animal as one of the adolescent juveniles of that astounding journal plainly intimates we are.

If our neighbor will keep up his classics we think the "happy family" will manage to get along tolerably well. Thank you.

The Radical Demand.

The efforts of the leading radical politicians to reverse the popular decision of the ballot box in Tennessee and Virginia is a startling indication of the direction in which republicanism is drifting in this country.

Efforts by disappointed politicians to reverse the results of the elections, when the decision has been made by a very small majority, have been common for many years. But when as in the case of Virginia and Tennessee, the decision has been rendered by a majority overwhelming in numbers, it has remained to the present era of "reconstruction" for the defeated minority to set about overturning the decision of the successful majority.

The old habit found an excuse in the pretense of vindicating the purity of the ballot box. The new one can find no such excuse. Any pretense that the decision in Virginia by a majority of forty thousand, or in Tennessee by seventy thousand was obtained by fraud, would be absurdly preposterous. The disappointed politicians who desire to overturn these decisions, and who are now importuning the federal power to that end, do not set up any such pretense. In Virginia, which is still regarded by the disappointed ones as that impossible thing, one of the theses of the union that is not in the union, no excuse whatever is deemed essential. In Tennessee, the excuse set up by Mr. Stokes for desiring to defeat the popular will is "the alarming political condition which is fast precipitating Tennessee into the hands of the democracy."

The local in the *Republican* of last week, commencing, "The effeminate and floppy cub of the little fever and ague," etc., is so fearfully witty that we decline publishing it in full, lest our readers may insist on our employing the author on our "editorial staff." This we should seriously object to for reasons which the juveniles of that concern can readily surmise. We were once detected in selling corporation orders at their face, and have learned caution.

The town of Peru, Miami county, has appropriated \$20,000 to assist in the construction of three gravel roads, leading into that place, from different directions. The stock is issued in 7 per cent. bonds, payable in twenty years.

This reminds us of the condition of the principal roads leading into our town. We defy Peru, or any other town in this, or any other State, to produce two roads more in need of repairing, or re-making, than the Michigan road from here to Argos, and the Goshen road from here to Bremen, and it would be more to the advantage of our town to have these roads made passable than to have four new railroads built through the place. We have all the railroad facilities we need, just at present, and would do well to so improve our county roads that the farmers may reach us and receive the benefit of the railroads we now have. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are annually driven away from Plymouth, on account of the almost impassable condition of the roads referred to; and we can ill afford to lose this large trade. A few thousand dollars, judiciously expended, would soon return us a hundred fold, and lift our town once more to its proud position as the best business point in Northern Indiana.

This is a matter of vital importance, and should be agitated until some decisive action is taken. Our citizens should hold a meeting and continue action on the subject until the object is accomplished. If a little more energy and public spirit is not manifested than has characterized our people for the past few years we very much fear the little towns of Goshen, South Bend, LaPorte and Warsaw will pass us in the great commercial race.

Who will be first to take action for the good of our town and county.

This editor has gone away for a day or so, and has requested us to "run" the office until his return. To this we cannot object, nor don't; but when he suggests that we write an item about the "County Fair," we think it isn't fair. What do we know about the County Fair? Nothing. What does anybody know about it? Ditto. A great many of our "first" citizens have had a hand at this "Fair" business. Some have been presidents, some vice-presidents, secretaries, treasurers (1) chairmen of awarding committees, etc., and they have all with the greatest unanimity, united in cursing the whole thing from first to last; but, strange to relate, the public with as great unanimity and far greater gusto, unite in cursing the officers for inefficiency. Next to a funeral command to us a regular meeting of the Marshall County Agricultural Society. If that don't put a cheerful minded individual in a pious frame of mind, set him down as a proof of the doctrine of total depravity. The meetings are appointed at the Court House at 10 a. m., at which time there is no one present, 11 a. m. ditto; 11:30 a. m., a stray member rushes into the office and enquires, if the "Society meets there;" he gets no satisfaction;—12 m., stray member goes to dinner;—12:20 p. m., nobody around;—12:40 ditto;—1:17 p. m., secretary runs up, rings the bell, waits till 3 o'clock, by which time set more than three or four members have put in an appearance, and they proceed to "business," whatever that may chance to be. And so forth.

We ought to have a good fair this year, and hope we shall. It would be a change.

The above may not be considered just the thing by VAN, but the sentiments are ours. J.

What have we for a President? A jockey and a sea-side lounge; a restless boy, needing constantly to be amused and so impatient of business that he cannot stay at his post more than a week at a time. Five months in office, he has not yet given us an administration. But, posting a copying clerk here and there, to keep the machine in motion, he hurries off to idle a week at a watering place, set dummy at a monster show, or helpless at a steamboat excursion. The Presidency must indeed be a sinecure, if, in such an hour as this, a man bred in a camp and tan-yard can properly discharge its duties three hundred miles from the capital, in the circles of the race course and the half hours left after the concerts and theatres. * * * Northern property is safe nowhere at the south. Texas is covered with outrages on women and murders of men, Tennessee is playing the same game as Virginia. In one-half the south loyalists telling us that unless there is a change at Washington they cannot live there—"must fly across the Ohio"—and throughout the whole south the same men warning us that in 1872 Democrats, (that is, rebels,) will

rally the whole south on their side.—This is too uniform to be accident.—It is the result of a plot at the south, and of disloyal apathy or honest incapacity at Washington. There Grant shows himself occasionally. Fish never was a Republican. Cox was a Johnson man. Boutwell stands alone—no press to support him. If you look at the Tribune, its editor treats slavery as a dead issue, and loughs for the old Whig party—while it is managed by one who opposed impeachment, and would have voted for Chase as the Tammany candidate in '68, and wants him as such candidate in '72. If Johnson's treason and Grant's neutrality be seduced by Chase and Wade Hampton, sent to Washington by Tammany Hall, where will 12 such years leave the nation? * * * To your tents, O Israel—for a second Buchanan sits in the White House, temporizing while the enemy gets into battle array.

FOR THE DEMOCRAT.

AN OVERLAND TRIP TO OREGON.

Remaining in Sacramento three days—having first seen everything worthy of note in that beautiful city with its wide streets and beautiful parks, its magnificent race course and water-works, its beautiful residences,—2 p. m. of the 23rd of April found me at the foot of the Sacramento street wharf, near the beautiful steamer "Chrysopolis." With crowds pouring in and out, half ragged and disappointed miners just from White Pine giving woful accounts of it and cursing the day they ever started to the "infernal regions," and loafs of all descriptions lounging around with no apparent purpose but to be on hand if something should turn up, the voice of the captain is now heard, "All aboard!" there is a sudden stampede to the wharf, and the boat swings out into the stream. We are soon passing down the river, lined on either side by beautiful grain fields, vineyards, and extensive vegetable gardens which supply the Sacramento and San Francisco markets. We pass the "Hog's Back" at 4, Benicia at 5, and a half hour later found us steaming down the bay, and at 6:30 we were safely landed at the foot of Washington street in San Francisco. The 28th found me on board the steamer bound for Portland, Oregon. Passengers were already on board in great numbers—red-eyed Biddys shaking hands with departing patriots. We are soon leaving San Francisco behind us, Oakland on our right, and plunging along past Fort Point, Point Adams and the North Head Light-House. Here our pilot takes us, and we were soon out on the "broad blue sea." Our passenger tickets are now collected; this is done by a line of passengers joining hands in a large circle on the deck and taking in every one as they go—above, below, fore and aft. This process is carried out until every one has demonstrated his right to a passage, or in default thereof, has been placed on the hurricane deck to coil rope, or put below in the hold to shovel coal for the engines. A family of six—ways were found below who acknowledged their intention of stealing a passage to Oregon. Our meal tickets are given us, and all we have to do now is to eat, sleep and be borne along. It would be difficult to imagine a more unsettled state of affairs anywhere than upon a steamship, the first day out. Everybody wants something he can't find, everyone wants everything, everybody wants and nobody gets until everybody, tired and disgusted, or owing to a very disagreeable state of "unsettlement" which Neptune has imposed upon all his subjects, retire to their rooms, "navigate" into their bunks, and forget all their troubles. I was obliged to retire for a short time, as was also friend Burch, who never left his bunk between Boston and the Columbia River. On finding that lying in my bunk did not afford any relief, I crawled to the hurricane deck, feeling in a very unsettled condition generally, and about as pale as the ghost of Hamlet's father. I felt pale. I felt unsettled. In fact, everything appeared to be spinning around at the rate of a mile in a minute. Leaning over the railing, amid the jokes of the sailors about "land-lubbers," I made a very generous contribution to the Pacific Ocean. After passing Cape Mendocino with its towering cliffs rising hundreds of feet as if bidding defiance to old Ocean himself, we saw our first whales—a couple of large ones came sporting up by our ship. Twenty-five miles north of this cape we saw a large school of porpoises. The third day we passed Trinidad Head, where gold was discovered in 1858, at which time, according to all accounts, old Ocean turned miner and washed up great quantities of the precious metal on the beach above Trinidad City. We passed Crescent City Point at 12 m. same day, 100 miles from the mouth of the Columbia river; 50 miles to northward we pass the boundary line between California and Oregon. Here the scenery changes perceptibly, from comparatively barren and rocky cliffs to rolling hills and table-lands covered with gigantic pine and hemlock, towering tall and straight to a height of two hundred to 280 feet, and oft times to a distance of 88 ft. without a limb. Nine o'clock a. m., we passed Cape Blanco, the bug-bear and terror of every sailor along the Oregon coast. Indeed, an old sailor ditty has it thus:

"If Cape Mendocino
Lies you pass, oh,
Then look out for Cape Blanco—"

Here we began to encounter strong head-winds and a rough sea, and the manner in which our ship rolled about in the "trough of the sea" made it very

lively work for a person to retain his equilibrium. The scene at night on a steamship is grand and sombre, grim, sooty-faced firemen are continually plunging their iron rakes into the glowing furnace below—standing on the verge of each pilot house a sentinel peers anxiously into the night, and in the wheel-house two helmsmen turn the guiding wheel obedient to the trembling little needle that points our course. I had retired to my stateroom early and was sound asleep when at midnight I was awakened by the noise of the gale, and the heavy tramp of sailors overhead, to find myself tumbling about in my bunk. Firmly grasping a brace of life preservers that ornamented the roof of my room, while my friend Burch was playing poker with his head in the bunk below. Just then the ship gave a sudden and tremendous lurch, as if bound for the regions below. I hurriedly dressed myself and rushed up stairs to ascertain the worst. I was informed that we were 80 miles off Cape Blanco with a stiff "nor-easter" just ahead of us, but was fast subsiding. This rather eased my mind, and I slept soundly till 10 a. m. on Saturday, May 1st, when we signalled the Continental; at 11 a. m. we Cape Arrago. At Cape Lookout we got the first view of the Cascade Mountains, and rounding the cape, Mr. Head rears his snowy locks to the clouds; we pass Tillamook Head and Cape Disappointment. The mouth of the Columbia below Astoria is eight miles wide. The scenery along the river from Astoria to Portland is magnificent, high, rolling hills on each side, covered with forests of pine, fir and hemlock. The river, all the way, is very wide, and in reality the whole distance is but one succession of bays and inlets. Sunday morning found us at the mouth of the Willamette, 12 miles below Portland. The bar was thoroughly dredged the past year, \$175,000 having been expended upon it by the Government, and is now navigable for the largest ocean steamers. As you approach Portland, the country becomes less hilly and broken, the trees taller, and the river wider, until you reach a point within five miles of the city, where it again becomes broken and hilly. At this point we turn a huge bend in the river and get our first view of the city of Portland, built on a series of rolling hills that slope gently down to the water's edge. Six o'clock found me enjoying an easy chair at the palatial residence of my friend C. D. Burch. Here I had the pleasure of meeting my old friend, and your former fellow-citizen, O. M. Barnard, who, on the next day, took me over to his farm near East Portland, where I spent part of the day and had a grand dinner "in the woods," Barnard has not changed perceptibly, and his six years of life in Oregon seem to have made him more hale and hearty. May 4th found me on board the Dalles packet, bound for Dalles City, my destination, 110 miles from Portland.

Here I will leave you, and if, in these tedious epistles I have given the readers of the *Democrat* any idea of "an overland trip to Oregon," they will have accomplished the object for which they were intended. Very truly yours,
ORLANDO M. PACKARD.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Grant had one of "them" spells" when he heard of the destruction of Whisky in Philadelphia.

—The New York *Sun*, a radical paper, thus foreshadows the future of the radical party:

—Vermont has made Phil Sheridan a doctor of laws. A veterinary diploma would have been more appropriate.

—Seven sisters work their father's farm in Wright county, Missouri. They raised and sold last year 1600 bushels of grain.

—Forney howls "copperhead at Dana and the rest who sold Grant for relaxing himself at Government expense."

—There is not a single individual at present occupying the Fulton Co. jail. Fulton's reputation for morals is good.—*Rehoboth Standard*.

—In the Abrams case, which comes up on Tuesday, 173 subpoenas for witnesses have been issued for the defense, and 102 for the State.—*Indianapolis Sentinel*.

—The clergymen of Philadelphia are on a strike. Twenty-eight of them have resolved not to attend funerals on Sunday, unless the physician says the burial on that day is unavoidable.

—Straw compressed and soaked in a solution of flint is used to build cottages with in England. The flint solution makes the straw fire proof. A cottage made of this material costs but \$425. What next?

—Gov. Baker declines to send delegates to the St. Louis convention for the removal of the National Capital. He leaves the matter in the hands of the people in the several congressional districts, who can do as they please about sending delegates.

—Strong apprehensions for the safety of the smiling Vice President are entertained. Many "who have tears to shed are preparing to shed them now!" All in consequence of the fact that the telegraph has not reported the grins of the grinist for the last twenty-four hours.

"The republican party seems to be passing through a most dangerous crisis. The southern elections are all against it and if the current is not changed its doom is certain. Three causes are working for the destruction of this great party; the conspicuous failure of Grant's administration, the universal amnesty notions of Hon. Horace Greeley, and the instability of the negro vote."

—Suit will be commenced against the warden of the Missouri Penitentiary, by Mr. Schaefer, the father of a young girl who was ravished by a negro convict running at large, for \$50,000 damages. It is founded on the theory that the warden occupies the position of a man allowing a dog known to be vicious to run at large, and is therefore responsible for damages. The negro had been sent to the prison for rape.

PROCLAMATION BY GOV. BAKER
—Gov. Baker issues his proclamation this morning, announcing that the laws passed at the 47th general assembly, which began on the 7th day of January, 1899, and also the laws passed at the special session, which began on the 8th day of April, 1899, have been duly published and circulated in all the counties of the state, as provided by law, and that the last county which received them was Pike, on the 16th, from which date the law was in force.

—A rich joke is told on a railroad conductor who resides in this city. In his absence his wife presented him with a fine boy. Some of his wife's friends, who are of a waggish turn of mind, suggested that they borrow two other babies in the neighborhood, and present the three youngsters to the happy father on his return. The plan was carried out, and upon the arrival of the train in the evening, the young husband, who had heard that all was well, hurried home. After fondly kissing his wife, he asked to see the little stranger. Imagine his surprise on beholding three babies when the coverlet was turned down. After gazing at them in profound astonishment for several minutes, he turned to his wife and coolly asked, "Did any of them get away?"—*Indianapolis Sentinel*.

—We notice in several of our exchanges mention made of the Hon. M. C. Kerr, our present representative in congress, in connection with the subject of who shall be the next democratic nominee for governor. We have only this to say, that while we can ill afford to lose him as a representative in congress, where his great ability, his unflinching firmness, his unspotted integrity, and his fine, dignified, and social bearing, have won for him a reputation which is as enviable as it is national, we know of none more worthy of being the chosen standard bearer of a great party in a gubernatorial canvass, nor know of no man whom we could support for that position in our state with more zeal or more pride. We believe he would be a tower of strength to our side in the fight, and that the old second district would roll up for her favorite son such an unprecedented majority as would forever extinguish the fires in the radical camps within her borders, and insure general success.—*Seigneur Democrat*.

SELLING OUT AT REDUCED PRICES.
MRS. A. A. JAMES, of Boston, Ind., wishing to decline business, offers all her stock, etc., at First Cost, and possession given immediately. The above stock is a very desirable one, comprising the latest styles, and at purchased at the lowest cash price. For further information please call on the undersigned.
MRS. M. A. JAMES.

A GREAT BARGAIN.
Any person or persons wishing to change in the millinery business, can have all stock, etc., at First Cost, and possession given immediately. The above stock is a very desirable one, comprising the latest styles, and at purchased at the lowest cash price. For further information please call on the undersigned.
MRS. M. A. JAMES.

LEGAL ADVERT'S.
SHERIFF'S SALE.
By virtue of an order of sale, and a decree of a foreclosure of mortgage issued out of the office of the Clerk of the Marshall Circuit Court, in favor of Daniel E. Van Valkenburgh, and against Henry Seiner, John Karm, Harriet Seider and Elizabeth Karm to be directed: I will offer for sale at public auction, on Sunday, Sept. 3rd, 1899, between the hours of ten o'clock a. m. and four o'clock p. m., at the court house door in Plymouth, Marshall County, Indiana, as the law directs, the following described real estate, to-wit:

Described as follows: The south east corner of the north east quarter of section six, (6) in township thirty-three, (33) north of range two, (2) east, the same being south and adjoining the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad, situated in Marshall County, State of Indiana, to the highest bidder, for cash, without regard to appraisal, have, subject to redemption.
5243 DAVID HOW, Sheriff

NON-RESIDENT.
State of Indiana, Marshall County. Ind. Commence Court, November term, 1899.
Catherine C. Lasher, Divorce.

The plaintiff in the above entitled cause, by her attorney, has filed in my office her complaint against the defendant, and it appearing by the affidavits of a competent person that the defendant, Smith Lasher, is a non-resident of the state of Indiana, he is therefore hereby notified of the pendency of said complaint against him, and unless he appear and answer or demur thereto at the calling of said cause, on the second day of the next term of said court, to be begun and held at the court house in Plymouth on the first Monday in November, 1899, said complaint and the matters and things therein contained and alleged will be heard and determined in his absence.
JOHN C. CUSHMAN, Clerk.
Anthony & Church, Attys for PLE. 50

BUSINESS NOTICES.

TO THE FARMING & THRESHING COMMUNITY.

LA PORTE THRESHING MACHINES!

I am now selling the LaPorte Threshing Machine. Warranted to give satisfaction, or no sale. Those wishing a good machine will do well to call on me at Wall Creek, or address me by letter, at Plymouth, 413 STEPHEN LOUDEN.

Those in debt to me in any way are notified to call at once and make arrangements to pay or give satisfaction in some way. If you don't call soon you will be called on. Hear I will be compelled to resort to very unpleasant means to settle with those who neglect or refuse to settle. I MUST HAVE MY MONEY SETTLED, AND MUST HAVE MONEY. H. B. DICKSON.

WANTED.

5,000 CORDS OF WHITE BASS WOOD, MAPLE, AND POPLAR BOLTS

At the DAYD BOX MANUFACTORY. The Basswood to be of clear white, 4 feet long, no red wanted. Maple bolts to be 4 feet long and clear. Poplar bolts to be 4 feet long and of good quality. All to be clear and sound, bark off and of good size. Highest market price in CASH will be paid on delivery. The best LATH constantly on hand.
45m33 BAILEY & SON.

WOOLEN FACTORY.

WOOLEN FACTORY.

Alleman Woolen Factory.

THEPECANOTOWN, IND.

Manufacturers of

CASSIMERE, DOESKIN, SHEEP GRAYS.

Plain and Fancy

FLANNEL, JEANS, SHIRTING, BLANKETS, STOCKING

YARN, CLOTH DRESSING,

DYEING, FULLING, &c., &c.

Dyestuffs, Carding, Spinning, &c. All of our machine cuttings will be sold for Wood at the Factory or at A. L. Alleman & Co's Cabinet Store, two doors South of the Barker House, Plymouth, Ind.

PATENT MEDICINES.

THE GREAT ZINGARI BITTERS.

A SAFE BLOOD PURIFIER.

A SWEET TONIC.

A PLEASANT BEVERAGE.

A CERTAIN CURE

OF

PREVENTIVE OF DISEASE.

The Zingari Bitters are compounded from a prescription of the celebrated Egyptian physician, Cheops, who, after years of trial and experiment discovered the Zingari Bitters, the most remarkable vegetable production the earth affords, has ever yielded—certainly the most effective in the cure of disease. It is combined with the other valuable properties of which the Zingari Bitters are composed, will cure

Dyspepsia, Fever and Ague, Biliousness, Fever, Colic, Colds, Bronchitis, Consumption in its First Stages, Flatulency, Nervous Debility, Female Complaints, Rheumatism, Dysentery, Acute and Chronic Diarrhoea, Cholera Morbus, Cholera, Typhus Fever, Yellow Fever, Scrofula, Diseases of the Kidneys, Habitual Costiveness, &c.

In the prevention and cure of the above diseases it has never been known to fail, as thousands of our most prominent citizens throughout all parts of the country will testify. Let the afflicted send for circulars containing testimonials and certificates of those who have been cured after their cases have been pronounced hopeless by our best physician.

PRINCIPAL DEPOT.

F. RAHTER & CO., No. 6, Front St., PHILADELPHIA.

Recommended by Ex. Gov. David R. Porter, of Pennsylvania, Hon. Robert J. Fisher, Hon. Edward McPherson, Hon. Joel B. Danner, Hon. Wm. McSherry, and others, of Pennsylvania. Sold by Druggists and dealers everywhere. (39-1y)

DR. HECKEL'S VEGETABLE ACUE CURE

In Pills Convenient for Use. Contains no Quinine. Produces no Dizziness. No Ringing in the Ears. One Dose in a day sufficient. Cures Ague in all its forms. No Unpleasant Taste. Safe for the Youngest Children. No change of Diet required. Exposure or unusual exercise will not destroy its Efficacy.

MEYER BROTHERS & CO.,

GENERAL AGENTS, Ft. Wayne, Ind., and St. Louis, Mo.

For Sale by all Druggists.

RAIL-ROADS.

C. & L. R. R. Time Table.

To take effect on Monday, May 31 1899, at 7:30 a. m.

Going North.

5:30 p. m. Arr. LaPorte. 7:30 a. m. Arr. LaPorte.

4:35 p. m. Arr. LaPorte. 7:30 a. m. Arr. LaPorte.

4:10 p. m. Arr. LaPorte. 7:30 a. m. Arr. LaPorte.

3:30 p. m. Arr. LaPorte. 7:30 a. m. Arr. LaPorte.

3:15 p. m. Arr. LaPorte. 7:30 a. m. Arr. LaPorte.

2:40 p. m. Arr. LaPorte. 7:30 a. m. Arr. LaPorte.

2:15 p. m. Arr. LaPorte. 7:30 a. m. Arr. LaPorte.

1:40 p. m. Arr. LaPorte. 7:30 a. m. Arr. LaPorte.

1:15 p. m. Arr. LaPorte. 7:30 a. m. Arr. LaPorte.

1:00 p. m. Arr. LaPorte. 7:30 a. m. Arr. LaPorte.

12:30 p. m. Arr. LaPorte. 7:30 a. m. Arr. LaPorte.

12:00 p. m. Arr. LaPorte. 7:30 a. m. Arr. LaPorte.

11:30 a. m. Arr. LaPorte. 7:30 a. m. Arr. LaPorte.

11:00 a. m. Arr. LaPorte. 7:30 a. m. Arr. LaPorte.

10:30 a. m. Arr. LaPorte. 7:30 a. m. Arr. LaPorte.

10:00 a. m. Arr. LaPorte. 7:30 a. m. Arr. LaPorte.

9:30 a. m. Arr. LaPorte. 7:30 a. m. Arr. LaPorte.

9:00 a. m. Arr. LaPorte. 7:30 a. m. Arr. LaPorte.

8:30 a. m. Arr. LaPorte. 7:30 a. m. Arr. LaPorte.

8:00 a. m. Arr. LaPorte. 7:30 a. m. Arr. LaPorte.

7:30 a. m. Arr. LaPorte. 7:30 a. m. Arr. LaPorte.

Trains run daily, Sunday excepted.

C. W. BRADLEY, Superintendent.

Pittsburgh, Ft. Wayne & Chicago Railway.

On and after April 26, 1898, Trains will leave Stations daily, (Sundays excepted) as follows: (Train leaving Chicago at 5:30 P. M., leaves daily. Train leaving Pittsburgh at 9:10 P. M., leaves daily.)

TRAINS GOING WEST.

STATIONS. EXPRESS. EXPRESS. EXPRESS. EXPRESS.

Pittsburgh, 6:45 A. M. 9:30 A. 2:10 P. M. 12:5 A. M.

Roanoke, 7:30 " 10:40 " 3:25 " 1:35 " "

Salmon, 8:15 " 11:25 " 4:10 " 2:20 " "

Albion, 9:00 " 12:10 " 5:00 " 3:05 " "

Canton, 9:45 " 1:00 " 5:45 " 3:50 " "

Mashtown, 10:30 " 1:45 " 6:30 " 4:35 " "

Orrville, 11:15 " 2:30 " 7:15 " 5:20 " "

Woodsport, 12:00 " 3:15 " 8:00 " 6:05 " "

Mansfield, 12:45 " 4:00 " 8:45 " 6:50 " "

Crestline, 1:30 " 4:45 " 9:30 " 7:35 " "

Recess, 2:15 " 5:30 " 10:15 " 8:20 " "

Up'sburg, 3:00 " 6:15 " 11:00 " 9:05 " "

Hama, 3:45 " 7:00 " 11:45 " 9:50 " "

San Wayne, 4:30 " 7:45 " 12:30 " 10:35 " "